

THE
P O W E R
O F
M U S I C;
A P O E M:

BY THE AUTHOR OF

T O B I T.

Mufic has charms to footh a favage breaft,
To foften rocks, and bend a knotted oak.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR R. JAMESON, N^o 227, STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

[Price One Shilling.]

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS-HALL.]



THE
POWER OF MUSIC;
A P O E M.

TO crave your aid, ye friendly Nine,
Humbly I bend before your shrine;
Forgive me, if I'm once more found
A wand'rer on poetic ground.
Celestial guides! O deign to hear
Your vot'ry with auspicious ear,
Assist me in the present hour
To sing of Music's wond'rous power!

Here, with a look of much surprise,
The musical enthusiast cries,
Why surely, friend, you do but dream;
You'd better chuse another theme,

Some one of the inferior arts,

More suited to your humble parts.

I own the counsel may be good,

{ And I would take it if I could ;

But when we've once our hobby try'd,

We long to have a second ride.

Not that I with presumption aim

To mount the pinnacle of fame,

Or vainly hope with lofty flight

I e'er shall reach Parnassus height ;

Yet round the bottom I may creep,

And, if contented there to keep,

Sometimes my hand may boldly stretch

To pluck those flowers within my reach,

No candidate for high renown—

Then pray, good critics, do not frown ;

Surely, without offence, I may

Pick up those scatter'd leaves of bay

Which worthier bards have thrown away. }

Musick, in ev'ry age, we find
 Softens the most obdurate mind;
 Some writers boldly have averr'd
 Its power could tame the savage herd.
 That this is truth I'll not dispute,
 We oft-times find a reasoning brute,
 And such we may with justice place
 To mingle with the savage race.
 Th' immortal bard of former days,
 Our fav'rite Shakespeare, somewhere says,
 The man whose dark and gloomy soul
 No pow'r of music can controul,
 Whose dull affections are not found
 Mov'd by the concord of sweet sound,
 Is only fit for artful wiles,
 For treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

The classic page or feign'd or true,
 Hist'ry prophane and sacred too,
 Of various clime, and various date,
 The pow'r of harmony relate.

When

When the first pair, completely blest,
 The joys of Paradise possest,
 Ere they by mutual guilt became
 Susceptible of fear or shame,
 In perfect innocence array'd,
 Through Eden's flow'ry paths they stray'd:
 The great apostate's envy rais'd,
 As on their blissful state he gaz'd,
 Their souls impatient to defile,
 Practis'd the wily serpent's guile;
 Lur'd by his counsel to rebel,
 They both by disobedience fell.
 Th' angelic choir their harps new strung,
 As Milton once divinely sung,
 Awhile suspending hymns of praise,
 To mortal sorrows tun'd their lays,
 In sweet and soothing strains began
 To mourn the fall and woes of man.

When Joshua, by divine command,
 Led Israel to the Promis'd Land,

To Jordan's banks as they drew nigh,
 The stream went back, the path was dry,
 Boldly they pass'd with Heaven their guide,
 And safely reach'd the other side,
 Six days did Jericho furround,
 The seventh, at the loud trumpet's sound,
 The walls were levell'd with the ground.

}

At the command of Israel's king,
 When David touch'd the trembling string,
 He could the monarch's wrath controul,
 And calm the tempest in his soul.

When, as compell'd by war's fierce rage,
 Armies are ready to engage,
 Some youthful hero, who before
 Ne'er heard the thund'ring cannon's roar,
 Feels, as he treads th' embattled plain,
 A tremor run through ev'ry vein;
 But when the martial trumpet sounds
 He knows no fear, nor feels no wounds,

With

With glorious ardour now inspir'd,
 His breast with emulation fir'd,
 Boldly he rushes on to death,
 And for his country yields his breath.

At Thebes, as Greek historians say,
 When fam'd Amphion deign'd to play,
 His warbling lyre so pow'rful prov'd,
 Ev'n things inanimate were mov'd,
 Stones grew obedient to the sound,
 With joy the wond'ring people found
 A lofty wall the place surround.

Ev'n those who boast what deeds were done
 By Philip's brave victorious son,
 Must own his bold ambitious mind
 By harmony was much refin'd;
 Charm'd by sweet sounds, the hero felt
 His haughty soul with pity melt.
 But here, my Muse, I must not soar,
 Great Dryden's self, in days of yore,

Has sung, with true poetic fire,
The wonders of Timotheus' lyre.

When that unfeeling savage crew,
Whose souls no spark of mercy knew,
To the wide seas Arion gave,
To be the sport of wind and wave,
The friendly dolphins gather'd round,
Charm'd with his pipe's melodious sound,
Upon their backs his weight they bore,
And safe conducted him to shore.

Homer, with Pope's assistance, says,
Ulysses, who in ancient days
For wisdom was so much renown'd,
From the enchanting Syren's sound
Had nev'r escap'd, unless fast bound.

Orpheus, as ancient poets tell,
Redeem'd Euridice from hell :
Charm'd with the sweetness of his lyre,
Grim Pluto granted his desire,

B

Listen'd

Listen'd attentive to his prayer,
 And gave him back the darling fair.
 At first he gave her back, 'tis true—
 But shall I now the tale pursue;
 Perhaps I'd better drop the rest,
 Since, whiche'er way I turn the jest,
 Female or male it must offend,
 May raise a foe, but not a friend,
 And therefore answer no good end.

But here impatiently, I doubt,
 Some of my readers will cry out,
 Why surely, friend, in such an age,
 When music is so much the rage,
 So far abroad you need not roam,
 Proofs may be found much nearer home.
 I own this pleasing truth is clear,
 'Tis now the fourth returning year
 Since Britain's great and happy land,
 Bless'd with a num'rous matchless band,

Whose

Whose wond'rous skill, successful try'd,
 Has rival'd all the world beside.
 No more Italia boasts the prize,
 Albion shall now superior rise,
 In arts, in pow'r, in fame increase,
 Dreaded in war, admir'd in peace.

But now, my Muse, 'tis time to raise
 The tribute of our grateful praise
 To him who taught this favour'd clime
 The beauties of the true sublime,
 To him who taught a Briton's ears
 T'enjoy the music of the spheres.

How shall my weak and humble lays,
 Immortal Handel ! speak thy praise,
 Great master of th' harmonic art,
 Whose sounds could touch the hardest heart,
 Disarm the tyger of his rage,
 Our sorrows sooth, our pains assuage,
 Could harmonize the human soul,
 And ev'ry anxious thought controul,

Thy matchless skill, thy pow'r divine,
 Makes ev'n religion brighter shine,
 Shews us the path our Saviour trod,
 And elevates the soul to God.

In the celestial realms above,
 Th' abode of harmony and love,
 Where our Redeemer has prepar'd
 The righteous man a just reward,
 Where ev'ry good and virtuous mind
 An ample recompense shall find,
 If 'tis permitted there to know
 What passes in this vale of woe,
 If happiness can know increase
 In regions of eternal peace,
 Say, Handel, much-respected shade!
 What raptures must thy ears invade,
 To hear the blind, the sick *, the lame,
 Their various benefits proclaim,
 And join to eternize thy name.

* Alluding to the large donations received by the different Hospitals from the Commemoration of Handel.

What blest effects of Music's pow'r
 We see conspicuous ev'ry hour ;
 Numbers, almost worn out with pain,
 Restor'd to life, to health again ;
 The wretch with sickness sore oppress'd,
 By griping penury depress'd,
 A prey to want, ov'rwhelm'd with grief,
 From pleasure's channel finds relief :
 For, ah ! the giddy thoughtless throng,
 Led by the midnight dance and song,
 Who nev'r for suffering merit felt,
 Their hearts with tender pity melt,
 To public pleasure slaves they live,
 When fashion calls they freely give.
 Perhaps this truth will more avail,
 If 'tis embellish'd with a tale.

Then, gentle reader, if you please,
 We'll say 'twas at my Lady G—'s,
 Or A—'s or B—'s, 'tis just the same,
 No matter for the real name,

A fashionable party met,
 Some play'd quadrille, and some picquet,
 While others of a different taste,
 Who thought time spent at cards was waste,
 In a snug corner held debate
 To settle the affairs of state.

Treaties of commerce, one averr'd,
 Were most imprudent and absurd.
 Another with like warmth replied,
 And argued on the other side,
 Boldly affirm'd with ease he could
 Prove it was for the public good.
 Some shook their heads, but nothing said,
 As of the consequence afraid.
 While others, of a prudent bent,
 To time and patience left th' event.

On H*****gs next debate was held,
 Each breast with indignation swell'd,
 Their thoughts with candour were express'd,
 Courtier and patriot both confess'd

That

That, if the charge was just and clear,
No sentence could be too severe.

Another set, not far from these,
Whom cards nor politics could please,
Whose thoughts were all on scandal bent,
Or to retail it or invent :
All were impatient to relate
Which of their friends had fall'n of late ;
What couple were most like to part -
Through jealousy's envenom'd dart ;
Whose debts of honour were too large
For their whole fortune to discharge ;
While each protested, in their turn,
The story gave them great concern,
But to their sorrow they must own
The world was now so vicious grown
They scarce with prudence could defend
The conduct of their dearest friend.
Thus scandal, cards, and politics,
We see in one small circle mix,

While

While time, that will for no man stay,
Glides imperceptibly away.

Worthy, who long had silent sat,
Nor mingled in the various chat,
Scandal he hated, could not joke,
And always to the purpose spoke,
Finding, as sometimes is the case,
A gen'ral pause had taken place,
Just as the snuff-boxes appear'd,
Begg'd for a moment to be heard.

Ladies and gentlemen, said he,
Perhaps you'll think I make too free ;
But what I now shall introduce
Will surely plead its own excuse,
It is a case of great distress,
Which your good-nature may redress :
An honest man, in life's decline,
To say the truth—a friend of mine ;
For though he's now reduc'd so low,
I'm not ashamed to call him so,

Since

Since by an unforeseen event
 No human prudence could prevent,
 No vice or folly of his own,
 From fortune's fickle lap he's thrown;
 But I'm convinc'd, in such a case,
 That poverty is no disgrace,
 And shall (whatev'r my state) I hope,
 Continue still to think with Pope,
 An honest man God's noblest work,
 Be he a Christian, Jew, or Turk.

Here Worthy paus'd, the gen'rous few
 With eager haste their purses drew,
 Bestow'd their bounty with a look
 Which true benevolence bespoke.
 The smallest gift will always please,
 When offer'd with a graceful ease;
 But if a harsh reproof is join'd,
 From an illiberal haughty mind,
 Though large the boon, it surely must
 Create a permanent disgust.

A gentle tear of sympathy
 Adorn'd each worthy giver's eye,
 Freely they gave the shining ore,
 Their bounty pleas'd, their manner more.
 But vain, alas ! th' example prov'd,
 The circle still remain'd unmov'd ;
 No gen'rous thoughts inspir'd their breast,
 No kind concern their looks express'd,
 No pang they felt for others grief,
 Nor dropt a tear, nor gave relief,
 Each fram'd some trifling vague excuse,
 But kept their gold for other use.

Poor Flavia's cards had run so cross
 She never should redeem her loss,
 Each night her luck grew worse and worse,
 To prove it, shew'd an empty purse,
 She had not left a single sou.
 But was this declaration true ?
 True—why can Flavia ever lye ?
 Have patience, friend, and we shall try.

Selfish,

Selfish, who never touch'd a card,
 Complain'd the times were very hard,
 Some others too might have a friend
 Whom they would wish to recommend,
 And those whose fortunes were but small
 Could not afford to give to all ;
 Then, should he now his mite bestow,
 He might be ask'd again you know.

Apologizing in his turn,
 Clodio affected much concern :
 An ugly circumstance, he said,
 Compell'd him to withhold his aid ;
 For, having once been much deceiv'd
 By one his bounty had reliev'd,
 In his resentment he had ta'en
 An oath he ne'er would give again ;
 He own'd 'twas rash, but when once took
 It surely never should be broke.

Thus all with equal pains, we see,
 Strive to advance a different plea,

The same their motive, young or old,
T' avoid offence, yet keep their gold.

A second silence now ensu'd,
For conscience sometimes will be rude,
And softly whisper in our ear
What we perhaps are loth to hear.

Clodio observ'd a gen'ral gloom
Had spread itself throughout the room,
Which he in hopes to clear away,
Nam'd the Commemoration-day ;
Said, it would certainly be more
Complete than ever known before,
Since never yet did any land
Collect so large, so fine a band.

The subject prov'd a pow'rful charm
The coldest bosom there to warm,
A smile on ev'ry face appear'd,
No name but Handel's now was heard :
Sure none who'd taste would keep away
From church on that harmonious day.

Those

Those who were there the year before,
 Express'd their raptures o'er and o'er,
 'Twas extacy, 'twas something more,
 'Twas what, they one and all confess,
 Few can conceive, and none express.

}

Some of the circle mourn'd their fate,
 For tickets they apply'd too late,
 And now should be compell'd to stay
 At least until the second day ;
 But Clodio, to relieve their care,
 Said he had got a few to spare,
 And ever held it as his creed
 To serve his friends in time of need :
 Pleas'd with the news, they round him crowd,
 None could be heard, all talk'd so loud.

Not unobserv'd by Worthy's eye,
 Flavia among the rest drew nigh,
 Though just before of all bereft,
 Now found she had a guinea left.

Selfish confess'd the price was high,
 But then it was for charity,
 And surely, when the cause was such,
 No feeling person could think much ;
 As for himself, he must declare
 No other motive drew him there.
 To his remark they all assent,
 'Twas a most laudable intent,
 And surely notions so refin'd
 Bespoke a charitable mind.
 Thus some, to please their ear or eye,
 Assume the mask of charity.

Hold, cries my reader, you appear
 In my opinion too severe,
 None should presume to throw the stone
 Till free from follies of their own.

This doctrine I shall not dispute,
 Nor argue where I can't confute.
 Then, pr'ythee, frown not, gentle friend,
 I've no intention to offend,

The portraits may be false or true,
 Then why suppose them drawn for you,
 Or think that cap was made for one
 Which hundreds may with ease put on.

As I've already said above,
 My only motive is to prove
 What wonders melody performs,
 What frozen breasts with pity warms,
 What glow of sympathy imparts
 E'en to the most unfeeling hearts.

O may these wonders still appear
 In this and each succeeding year !
 Still may the sick, the lame, the blind,
 The balmy sweets of comfort find !
 In this be Britain's worth display'd,
 So shall a just respect be paid,
 Immortal Handel ! to thy shade.

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The contents may be like or unlike
The way of things from things
Of which that cap was made for one
Which hundred six with the one on
As I've already said above
If only motive is to grow
What wonders not only perform
What frozen hearts with the warm
What glow of life with the light



It is to the most
O may the
In this and each succeeding year
Still may the
The history of the
In this the British's work display
So shall a just record be
Immortal tribute to the

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